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He at length finds himself, spent and weather-beaten at the cave where dwells the forest-witch HAGGLIS, an herb-woman. Unknown to him she is only ORFANA in one of her many disguises. In her cave she awaits his coming, but he does not see her yet.

His eyes behold the two rivers, the black and the white. In his weariness and misery he finds nothing better for himself in this desolate place than to plunge into the black river of sleep and so forget everything. He lunges towards it, but just at that moment FIRE, the elemental spirit leaps down into a mound od dry leaves on the bank, setting it immediately afire. Then with his flaming fingers he strikes at Sarafis who staggers backward and falls unconscious.

Hagglis appears at a crevice in the rock-cave, a tall, witch-like creature with eternal youth in her eyes. As she appears a hoarse crow is heard in the distance. Hagglis calls: "Away, Basilis and the monster roars back, "I would rather see him dead than in your hands."

Hagglis talks with the Basilisk, bidding him remember that he was hatched by a snake from a rooster's egg. At the end of their talk Sarafis comes to and she tells him his name and speaks with him as a Prophetess. He rises, but would fall again did not her outstretched stick, straightly pointed at him holds him up as if by magic. Then she conjures visions in his brain to chase his sombre dejected mood. He sees the mystic battle-dance of the four Elements, Fire, Water, Air, Earth with their followers the plane-spirits, the salamanders, the undines, the sylphs and the gnomes. In the dance each Element opposes the other, each facing in ti

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in the direction of one of the four cardinal points. HAGGLIS retires to her cave, while Sarafis watches the dance. When she returns to him he turns to her, calling her attention to the dance, but when he looks again at the dancers they have all vanished. Hagglis explains that the whole vision was in his own brain. She tells him her name and invites him to dwell for a while with her.

He agrees and she is leading him into the cave when the FOOL comes along. He has been sent by the Hermit to call Hagglis, as he is ill. She waves aside the covered basket with bread and wine that the Hermit has sent her and bids the FOOL to go back and tell his master she will come. She gives Sarafis a bag of herbs and tells him to go with FOOL to the Hermit's hut. When they have gone she says: "On SERPENTS' HILL the brood waits, ready to devour. My voice spells them all, but the Basilisk -- he will not hear." She goes into her cave in a heavy mood.

At a turn of the road FOOL sits down with Sarafis to rest. They converse, which brings out the gnomes, who secretly peep at them and resolve to have some fun. The Fool is telling Sarafis that he can just see the top of SERPENTS' HILL from where they are. There lives the LEPER whose flesh drops off while he walks. There is a little rivulet near Serpents' Hill where the Leper drinks, hers is living water which quenches all thirsts, even the Lepers'. Only the Basilisk will not drink there. The FOOL speaks of a blue flower that will lead to the rivulet is one can find it.

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In the midst of their talk they hear the buzz of a honey-gathering insect. One of the mischievous gnomes has sent it out of a bush towards them. The gnome pinches the Fool as he sits on the ground, and the Fool jumps up and rubs the pinched spot aggrieved. The gnome tells him that it is not he but the insect that has bitten him, and that the insect is full of honey and sweetness. "Break him in half and see if I am not right," says the mischievous gnome. The Fool chases after the insect and finally capturing it, it stings his hand so that his hand is for a time paralysed. The Fool makes such an ado, nursing his hand and crying out, that Sarafis, unable to soothe him runs off to call the Hermit, the Fool giving him directions where to find his hut. Sarafis misses the way and finds himself on the road to Serpents' Hill instead. Before he can retrace his steps a viper glides out at him and hisses. The LEPER 'S voice commands it to go away. He calls from the top of SERPENTS' HILL which is no more than a steep rocky barren slope. As Sarafis looks up ~~and~~ he sees the LEPER leap from the summit and float down to the place where he is standing. Amazed he asks: "Who are you whom the vipers obey and the AIR carries like a chariot?" The Leper says: " A witness of Man's freedom." They talk, and Sarafis remembering the Fool, asks the Leper to come and cure his hand. The Leper goes with him to where the fool sat and they find him gone. As they stand puzzled, the Fool runs back with a weed in his hand. He is quite joyful and his hand seems better. Srafis asks him why he looks so proud and happy. He says: "The gnomes gave me this weed, which, when I ate of it stopped the pain in my hand and

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showed me the world as in a picture. I will go there and make my fortune." The Leper tells Fool that the gnomes are only playing a game with him, the same they play with all Fools stupid enough to believe them. "The weed gives you a satisfaction with yourself, so that you think you are a great man. When its effects wear off you will feel a great pain of emptiness." But the FOOL shakes his head and laughs. They have not been talking long however when the Fool suddenly begins to howl with pain and runs off into the forest. The little gnomes pelt him with stones and laugh uproariously. "I have done with you and the weed forever," shouts the Fool. "We will see," say the mischievous gnomes.

The LEPER shows Sarafis the way to the Hermit's hut. "That which you seek lies there," he says. Srafis does not know that the Leper is alluding not only to the Hermit but also to the blue flower which grows in a hidden thicket near the hut.

Srafis knocks at the Hermit's door. From within the Hermit calls:" The door swings to him who lifts the latch."

When Srafis enters he finds the Hermit lying on the floor wrapped in a blanket. He is suffering from a cough. He welcomes Sarafis and they are conversing when the FOOL comes in He immediately talks of himself and his hand and of the gnomes great wickedness. Later Hagglis comes. She tells Sarafis he may return to the cave. The Fool has been relating to Sarafis some alluring tales of the world and Sarafis is loth to depart. He

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whispers to the fool telling him he will return to hear more of the world when Hagglis has gone. Hagglis bids the Fool go from the hut while she makes her brew for the Hermit. The Fool tells Sarafis he will go and find the blue flower, so that Sarafis can plant it at the banks of the rivulet. They both go out and Fool goes into the forest to find the flower, but Sarafis hears the rivulet calling, and wends his way towards it. As he walks on he hears the Basilisk's crow. Puzzled he calls: "Who crows when dawn is passed ?" The monster replies in an intriguing voice:" One who will take the mask from life and give you the keys that open the portals of the world." This brings Sarafis further out into the road that leads to SERPENTS' HILL. The rivulet at first sings of the Blue flower that leads to her that guides and keeps the wanderer secure on every road, on the way to the ever calling one. He asks:" Who is this One ?" She says: "The same who calls you in me." As he walks on the road to the Basilisk, the monster baits him with a jewel of great beauty which he says the little rivulet is sending Sarafis by him. The great shadows of the trees fall before Sarafis on the road as if to ward him back."He says:"Shadows trouble me !" The rivulet says:"They are a sign of LIGHT, and Light is beautiful." So the three speak in turn, Sarafis, the Basilisk and the little rivulet as he walks on into the territory of the monster. He recalls the FOOL's telling him that the rivulet isn't genuine, that the great Basilisk often simulates her voice to lure his victims to their doom. The fool

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has told him that he himself would often have walked into the Basiliak&s trap but that for some u known reason the Basilisk fled from him and so gave him a chance to flee also. He has told Sarafis that he doubts the rivulet's water being so pure, because she lets the Leper drink there. As he walks he thinks of all that the Fool has told him and begins to wonder. The Fool comes rushing to him holding an immense bouquet of forest-flowers of all descriptions. He is out of breath and says: "See - here are all the flowers I could find - surely among so many there must be the right one." The Basilisk gives a harsh crow of laughter and the FOOL turns and flees as if the devil were after him. The monste persuades Sarafis to come to the Crocodile pool where he and his creeping reptiles live. He promises to divulge to him the hiding place of the blue flower on condition that Sarafis tell no one of their secret. Sarafis goes to the pool, and while waiting there for the Basilisk to come the Air spirits warn him away. They speak of the deep stagnant water wherein the creeping reptiles live under the Basilisk's dominion. Does Sarafis not know that the bright flower he seeks cannot grow there? Sarafis about to turn back, is barred by the Basilisk. Caught in the snare he resolves to fight the beast or die. The ungainly, liver-colored shape squats before him licking its lips. Its haad is that of a rooster, and under its cock's beak dangle thick wattles of crimson and purple like filthy scraps of rotten meat. It's round eyes are yellow rimmed with eyebrows that bristle. Its whip-like tail lashes the ground

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At the sound of Sarafis' startled exclamation, it stretches its wattled throat, raises its bloated body on limp rubbery feet and with a raucous breath from the depths of its tumor-shaped body rises a strangled squawk. A serpent glides from the rocks and lifts its gray length. "Is it he?" asks the monster, blinking its rheumy eyes." "It's he -- it's he --" hisses the serpent. "Tell the brood," says the Basilisk, its feet scratching the dust.

The snake glides back to the thicket and all the reptiles glide after him. His brood, hissing, croaking, squeaking rustling.

From the monsters eyes begins to flow a thin sulphurous haze. and the Air spirits warn Sarafis, "Hide your eyes, for if you look into his you must die."

There comes a great buzzing, as all the plane spirits, utter advice to him in a language of their own. The Wind rushes in and slashes right and left among the serpents, driving the Basilisk steadily towards the edge of the pool. The fight is hard, and Sarafis has but a branch to fight with which the Wind has broken and blown into his hand. He backs before the beast, ;the Wind is before and behind him, pushing him forward when he would give up, guarding him when he would fall. But always steadily the Wind pushes the Basilisk toward the edge of the pool. On the margin the ungainly creature halts and rears suddenly with the cry:" Cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-: Sarafis!

Sarafis hides his eyes of the monster's. He had heard of the Cockatrice that quails before nothing but the weasel. Nature herself abhorred it, she had given it no voice, no gestures save the horrid rolling of its rump therefore it hates grace, beauty and music.

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The grass shrivelled before it as if touched by flame. Where its sulphurous dribble dropped, the earth looked seered. In its rage, knowing thw Wind was driving it to its doom it gave a roar and split a rock near which it stood with its beak. One last abortive crow and the Wind twisted it around so that it faced the pool. All things were swaying, except that stagnant water. The Wind had forborne to ruffle it. It lay quiet, a brown steely mirror, wherein the Basilisk was forced to look. It met for the first time its own eyes exuding hate and rage. Shaking its loathsome body from side to side it growled low and thumped its scorpion's tail as if its heart were overladen. Then it fell, its damp claws turned sky-ward roared as if wounded by an unseen hand. For the first time in the fight Sarafis looked at his enemy. Its aspect was that of death. Over the pool lay a light sulphurous haze. In a flash he understood. The creature had been driven by the wind to face himself and encountering its own eyes it had been killed by the terrific hatred in them.

He stood staring. The Wind came tousling his hair, shaki him. The Basilisk's brood scurried away in panic. Still Sarafis stared motionless. Then came to his ears another sound. The rivulet was singing. He smiled, and looking around saw the elemental spirits dancing around the dead monster. What was the rivulet singing? "The bud hides in its thicket-- the blue shadow of it sways in the wind-- The moonlight burnishes its azure glow S--" "The blue flower". He must find it". She sang of it, she dreamed of it . He would plant it on her banks so that its r

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roots would lie always in her living waters.

With a song of thanks to the Air-spirits and to the Wind who has saved him he rushes away to the Hermit's hut.

Nearithe entrance he pauses. A palet blue shadow rests upon the ground. He bends to look at it. It is the shadow of a bud. Eagerly he parts the leaves near by and finds the blue flower. Picking it he holds it tenderly and lifts the latch of the Hermit's door. Joyfully he tells him of the Basilisk's death and of finding the blue flower. He tells him he is going back to plant it on the banks of the little rivulet. The Hermit, desiring to give him his benediction of strength on his pilgrimage to Serpents' Hills, goes to bathe his hands in the River of Waking. He bids him wait there in the hut, and in his absense the Fool raves of the delights of the world and tells him he had better go there instead of to that bleak arid SERPENTS HILL where the frightning presence of the Leper would take away all joy. Again he flings doubt into Sarafis' mind as to the sincerity of the rivulet, who gives her waters alike to all. Sarafis wishes he could be in the world and see for himself. At this the wish takes possession of him and growi dreamy he sinks to the ground still holding the blue flower he has just discovered. As the waves of sleep rise in him he tells of being lulled by them.

The Fool not knowing what to do tries to awake him in vain. He touches the flower and it begins to wilt. Frightened

he calls for the Hermit who has just returned from the River of Waking, his hands still wet with its water.

It is growing dark and he tells the fool to begone. The Fool peers out, afraid of the dark, but at the Hermit's command he has to go. Alone with Sarafis the Hermit touches touches the wilted flower. Its petals revive. He then implores the elements of AIR and FIRE to intervene for Sarafis. They can only prevent sleep from widening its scope and becoming permanent, but they are powerless to undo the wish entirely. Yet Fire makes a band of flame around it and dries the black waters of sleep that encircle him. And AIR fans the flames into a furious blaze.

As they work the LEPER is heard from SERPENTS' Hill, singing his Prophesy to SARAFIS journeying into the world.

"Into prophetic constellations the ghost slips,
Breathing the actual, the Cause, the unfledged wings,
Deep in the tribal, reptile-thin and sweet
Commingling with starke ssence of the rime
that beats beyond the human-haunted world.
'Mid the barbaric pondrous roll of drums
Pierce, demon-strung, high-pitched cacophanies,
Pandean pipes and horn-calls of the gods
Lonely and far extending, till fulfilled
Their music shatters 'gainst the cymbal's hiss."

A C T 1 --

Sarafis, erring in the forest, ~~is not a heroic figure. He bows under the sweeping rain-storm, he~~ is startled when the thunder peals. ~~He huddles together shivering~~ at the weird shadows cast by the trees, ~~and~~ bushes and undergrowth that extend crooked ~~arms to grasp~~ branches to bar ~~him as he passes.~~ hiss passing The whole forest has assumed a malefic aspect, swaying trees, tossed by wind, are raging demons, rooted to the ground but striving to unleash themselves from Nature's power. The sun is hidden by the tall forest growth, all things seem hostile to him, a withered branch crashes behind him driving him ever forward without direction. ~~with arm held across his forehead to ward off the encroaching demons. He has no means of placating~~ the elements. Malevolent and intent upon snatching his life away the rain beats him down, the wind pulls at his flapping coat. He buttons it up only to have it torn open again by a fresh onslaugh At last he staggers to shelter under a high guinep tree whose dark green clusters of fruit hang tempting, but far from his hung mouth. No strength has he to subdue the forest powers. Exhausted he leans against the trunk of the tree ~~gasping~~, a sorry specimen of Man caught in the forest of confusion.

At this moment he hears ORFANA's calling. "Sarafis --" Too exhausted to move his eyes turn-- he wonders. No recognitio in his glance, but at least he has heard. The forest is not so lonely and fearsome now. Someone is there -- calling him. His of a moment ago, now superseded by a confidence unknown before ~~abates. He takes~~ subsides and taking new courage, ventures forth from his shelter in

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of what called. It calls again, passionately, insistently: "Sarafis--Sarafis --" He turns toward the voice then stops.

Another voice is calling too, less loud, but just as persistantly : "Sarafis --" and it calls from an opposite direction. Which voice shall he answer? He must choose - where to go. In a frenzy he answers first one then the other, A few steps this way, a few steps that way, then a stand-still, a swaying, and a bowing of the back when the rain and the wind drive him onward willy-nilly, until he is running before them like a whirling leaf in the direction he must.

The passionate voice has ceased calling. The soft voice has become only a rising and falling cadence on the wind, with no words in it and yet a WORD uttered at intervals, distinct as the rustle of the reeds. The word "Sarafis--" is the burden of that song in the far distance. "Sarafis !" growls also the thunder, "Sarafis," blusters the wind, "Sarafis," swishes the rain. Losing one voice he hears the other and letting that go a fresh voice takes its place.

He strives through the forest verdure and in his state perplexity calls aloud for help, plodding on, fighting his clearing and swamp passing before his running feet like a great clumps of purple rhododendra and pcarlet hybiscus gl on his eyes, silhouettes of palms , rocky fissures chisel out of deep amethyst, banks and muddy rivers that have t gold in the changing glow , streaks and patches of green, v roads pearl-gray in the rain, ferny ravines, purple hollow

Notes on the Story of Sarafis

Synopsis

The Story of Sarafis

The Source, by its light speaks to Orfana, the Creatress, Nature, who in turn calls to all her forms, her Children, to rouse them from sleep.

Sarafis, symbolic of Man, the most advanced and complex experiment of Nature, does not answer to the calling voice of Orfana. He has lost consciousness of his inward contact with the Creatress, and is blindly erying in the forest of Confusion. It is evident that he has lost his way, when exhausted and rain-beaten he arrives at the cave of HAGGLIS an herb-woman, known also as the forest Witch who is none other than Orfana, Nature herself in one of her many metarmorphoses. Her disguises and impersonations are necessary in order that she may reach MAN on his own particular level without destroying him, and fulfil her aim, the enlightenment of her Children. Through the realization of her living Love, she assists them to recreate within themselves and find the way back to her BELOVED, the SOURCE, and when her children err from the path, she is there to indicate the way, through joy or suffering. through death or birth, according to their needs, marked by their growth, which determines the experiences possible for them.

Story of Sarafis-- (continued)

Sarafis, caught in his helplessness is moved to dejection. He tries to find a way out from his state of perplexity and calls to his own kind, but they answer him not, being engrossed, as he is, in their strife to make permanent their finite interests' by the power of inaction. Not understanding the suffering in his despondency, inflicted upon him, and forsaken by his own kind he looks upon his own plight as unalterable, and seeks to release himself. He is about to plunge into the river of sleep - the black river that flows near Hagglis' cave, when the spirit of Fire -- one of Nature's alchemical elements, strikes at him as he lunges forward, and he falls on the ground. Orfana in the form of Hagglis, knowing his deep dejection, appears from a crevice in her rock cave. She touches him with her stick and he turns to her. ~~Hagglis addresses him, and~~ he tells her he has lost his way, and where, how, or when, ~~he does not know and~~ is not able to relate. Orfana knows that he cannot remember, because every time he turns from her he must needs lose his way and forget, since to know her depends upon his constant realization of her. But to her he must ultimately return, as she to her BELOVED.

All this comes out in her ambiguous speech to him, but veiled. And while she talks Sarafis he lies on the ground spent, Then Hagglis begins to conjure up from Nature's elements the forces which work to induce the growth of ~~Orfana's~~ Her Children. The whole scene of the conjuring really takes place in Sarafis' ~~feverish imagination~~. Each element rules its own kingdom and extends its rule to all the Nature forms in its own particular realm. the 4 elements compose the ballet; the individualistic forms of each plane compose the Chorus. First Hagglis calls the elemnts --

Fire, Water, Earth Air. They in turn call to their satellites fire to fireflies, Air to Wind, Water to the undines, Earth to the gnomes who live under the earth etc. Hagglis speaks to Sarafis, and all the elemental beings pantomime her speech; the ballet in pantomime and movement, and the Chorus in words and song

She speaks to Sarafis through them while he rests on the ground near the cave.

Sarafis receives a little power from Orfana's voice, which he thinks is merely her singing. He feels that by this he will be able to conquer everything in the forest. He asks Hagglis how he can escape the inevitable longing that is still consuming him, and she tells him that in order to become the true ruler he must achieve it through the realization of the moment of reality contained within ~~itself~~, which the ~~power of~~ truth is hidden that can release him from his eternal burden .

Sarafis takes refuge with Hagglis in the cave where she dwells

Gilling, a settler on the outskirts of the forest receives the herbs sent him by Hagglis who sends Sarafis with them to Gilling's hut. On Sarafis' return he tells Hagglis of his exploits, how her voice has spelled them all, the rivulet on Serpents' Hill where the Leper lives, the Basalisk ruler of the serpents' brood who will not live on Serpents Hill because he hates the clear little rivulet. He tells Hagglis that he feels most akin to that little rivulet who has told him so many beautiful things of itself, it told him too of the serpents and that he need not fear them although no one dares to go near them but the Anaconda who is the enemy of the snakes and takes them away and kills them. And the Leper with his sightless eyes

Story of Sarafis-

who can see more than most men with two eyes can, and more than all the creatures of the forest. The Leper also has become Sarafis' friend.

The Basaliak, however, is not 'spelled' by either Orfana or Sarafis, and when Hagglis leaves for the wood to gather herbs, he approaches the cave and tries to sing to coax Sarafis to come out of the cave and speak with him. He says he has a jewel of great beauty to show him which the little rivulet has sent Sarafis by him. But the Leper, who even from a distance knows that the Basalisk is about his machinations, calls from afar in a friendly voice to Sarafis to beware of him, but Sarafis seems not to hear him or all the other friendly voices who begin to warn him too. He comes out and meets the Basalisk, who immediately tries to kill him.

As they fight, both draw near the 2 rivers. The elementals come and engage in the fight, but the Wind turns the Basalisk by force so that his eyes are forced to face the crystal river, and looking at his own ugly reflection he is killed by the malicious glare of his own deadly eyes. The elementals dance about the dead body of the monster.

Hagglis returns with her bundle of herbs and the creatures disappear quickly with her coming. She gives Sarafis the herbs, bidding him go with them to Gilling, and says that she will follow. She then goes into her cave to brew a potion for Gilling's malady The plant she brews is

At Gilling's hut Sarafis and Gilling's helper converse. Sarafis' favorite talk is about the World. They are interrupted by Hagglis' coming to perform her witchcraft in treating the suffering Gilling. She tells Sarafis to return to the cave.

Story of Sarafis

Sarafis leaves reluctantly, and after Hagglis has finished her work with Gilling and gone home, Sarafis returns stealing in. He has been hiding outside in the wood near the hut and has come back for he is eager to hear more of the great wonderful world Gilling tells him of.

Weary, he lies down on one of the benches and listens, wishing he were in the world. He falls into a dream -----

Sarafis awakes in the world where his dream has carried him. Gilling's hut has changed in a splendid mansion, a remarkable mansion unlike any heretofore known. It is greatly exaggerated in appointments from those of which Gilling told him. It is a dream-mansion .

Story of Sarafis

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Story of Sarafis-- (continued)

Act I

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Sarafis leaves reluctantly, and after Hagglis has finished her work with Gilling and gone home, Sarafis returns stealing in. He has been hiding outside in the wood near the hut and has come back for he is eager to hear more of the great wonderful world Gilling tells him of.

Weary, he lies down on one of the benches and listens, wishing he were in the world. He falls into a dream -----

Sarafis awakes in the world where his dream has carried him. Gilling's hut has changed in a splendid mansion, a remarkable mansion unlike any heretofore known. It is greatly exaggerated in appointments from those of which Gilling told him. It is a dream-mansion .

Note — (No character is portrayed from the physical plane- it is always from within-- the Leper is the higher mind in Man The whole story is really a portrayal of the functions of rather the spiritual functioning of man.)

When at Gillings hut Sarafis makes his wish, expressing the desire to be in the world, it takes concrete shape, as he stretches drowsily on the bench while being gradually lapped by the waters of sleep. The waters are heard lapping the banks of the river as the Leper sings to Sarafis from his shrine on Serpents' Hill about the inner meaning of the world.-- ~~Until Man realizes this inner meaning~~ The transcending of the finite selves,-- until Man realizes this inner meaning -- the valuelessness of the temporal and the renunciation thereof, he must ~~travel~~ and re-travel its limited path . It is the death-like dream of sleep ~~where Man~~ of existence, which confuses the finite with the infinite, A consciousness which when sustained results in destruction, and retrogration to inferior states, to learn anew ~~where~~ that which one has failed to understand.

1st Verse of the 2nd Epic (untitled)

Sarafis, although he goes into the world by his own decision it is without excercise of free will, which he is not yet able to employ. Though he has already received some strength and power through love from Hagglis, this power however must first be transmuted in him from the narrow usage of the idea of possessive conquest. As he falls asleep he remembers that he was to plant a little flower near the rivulet his thoughts go back to that and he utters the thought in half song , then the Leper's voice is heard calling to him as he is born away into ~~silence~~ the change of Dream.

That voice continues, giving to Sarafis his errand and his wish to enter the world ~~xxx~~ inner meaning. (The Leper is the unconscious becoming conscious representing the god-head within him.

He hears the Leper's voice and with the same voice Ellerton speaks first when Sarafis awakens in the world.

End of the Leper's song when Sarafis leaves for the world.
The Leper sings from Serpent's hill -

Into prophetic constellations the ghost slips
Breathing the actual, the cause, the unfledged wings
Deep in the tribal, reptile-thin and sweet,
Commingling with stark essence of rime
That beat beyond the human-hauted world.
Mid' yhe barbaric pondrous roll of drums
Pierce demon-stringed, high pitched cacophanies
Pandean pipes and horn-calls of the gods
Lonely and far-extending till fulfilled
Their music shatters 'gainst the cymbal's hiss.

revealing fire. Without these no one enters upon the pa
leads to victory. Therefore, Sarafis, Man-God, search fo
brightness of yourself as yet unrevealed, that blazes t
through bewildering darkness. Arise- climb the chosen
rest not in the bleak promises of these drifting, fett
by the waters of sleep.

Sarafis then attempts to search for the blue flowe
that dwells in secret, for the Rivulet's mystic call of
has touched his soul and is drawing him steadily closer
her - her voice penetrating deeper and deeper comes to
through the forest. His efforts to find his way to the
Rivulet however, are filled with obstacles. The Fool a
doubt within him as to the genuineness of the rivulet's
speaking to him of the Basilisk's fierceness and cunnin
that the monster in the guise of the rivulet's singing
lured many a victim to his doom. The Fool himself would
succumbed to the beast's intrigue, had not his presence
for some unknown reason to himself produced a visual di
tortion of the Basilisk's own eyes that the beast fled f
him, instead, and so gave the Fool his opportunity to flee also.
"It was a miracle." But the shock he suffered on seeing
beast has never entirely left him. There are moments whe
its loathsome appearance comes before him; these moments
terryfying (See Pendleton's conversation with Sarafis o
the beach at Pinnington.)

But the Rivulet says to Sarafis: (the Fool never hear

creatures the denseness that leads astray. No one ca
imitate my voice, there is no deception possible whe
am fully heard."

Despite the Rivulet's loving eagerness, Sarafis really understanding her fully, feels a little sorry for the Fool, and so, falls into great error. With the Fool's assistance he plucks the wrong flowers which cannot, of course, guide him. The situation is reaching its tragic-comic intensity, when the Fool, having disappeared in the forest, returns again with a huge bun flowers, telling Sarafis: "Surely among these the rig one must be."

Soon after, the Basilisk finds a pretext to lure to his realm of darkness to imprison him. Speaking t Sarafis through the forest and reassuring him that i would be below his dignity to imitate other voices, that of the Rivulet for example, and that only the Fo could invent such falsities, for it is he only who si these other voices, he accused him to Sarafis of imit in all the keys of his foolish prattle about others. the Basilisk, uses his own voice for he is noble born . Does he not speak to him with his own voice now ? how could Sarafis be so deceived by the Fool, who eve deceives himself. So in this way by flattery and fal self-justification, the Basilisk induces Sarafis to c him to the Crocodile Pool where he will divulge to h the hiding place of the blue flower of Love, under the

1--- Sarafis does not at once reach Serpents' Hill where dwells man the shadow,made LIGHT through self-revealment in love.

The rivulet on Serpent's Hill constantly summoning Sarafis to drink of her living waters.tells him of the blue flower that leads to her,that guides and gives strength of secureness on the way to the ever calling. Sarafis asks: "And who is this One ?"
The rivulet repliesL The same that calls you in me ."
But prior to his finding the flower that frees from the waters of sleep,he must search for it with the knowledge that springs from the rich soil within.When you find the flower,let not the Fool touch it.(The precious flower that only grows in secret is the luminous compass of right action and right direction in Man - his immunity against the Basilisk and the Fool that are hooding his eyes with their shadows.)

Sarafis answers: "Shadows trouble me." But the Rivulet always recalls to him the inevitable reality of growth which is his only escape from eternal imprisonment of the shadows surrounding him. "Armed with the luminous compass whose rhythmic beat of LIGHT reaches from earth to heaven you will know the nature of shadows. Are they not the reflected images making ghastly silhouettes? Yet,shadows are a sign of LIGHT and light is beautiful."

Sarafis,too uncertain of the significance of his strife confronting him,cannot grasp the rivulet's meaning.

The Rivulet continues to tell him:"Love will be th

condition that Sarafis tell no one of their secret. Sarafis goes to the Pool and while waiting there for the Basilisk to come to him the Air spirits try to warn him a way. They speak to him of the deep and stagnant body of water wherein dwell only the creeping reptiles under the Basilisk's dominion. Does he not know that the bright flower he seeks cannot grow here ? Sarafis, convinced by the good counsel of the spirits of the air is about to depart but the Basilisk has already made his approach and bars his way. Seeing himself caught in the snare, Sarafis resolves to fight the monster or die. He is attacked and in the struggle which ensues he is assisted by the spirits of the air and is released from the monster's embrace as it encounters its own deadly glance reflected in the still surface of the pool, which the wind has forborne to ruffle. Sarafis then sings his praises of thanks to them and resolves to seek the flower by himself. Soon afterwards it speaks to him from a bower of protective leaves near the Hermit's hut where he enters to tell of his great joy. The Hermit, desiring to give him his benediction of strength on his pilgrimage to Serpent's Hill where Sarafis intends to plant the blue flower that it may always grow in the rivulet's waters of love, goes to bathe his hands in the River of Waking. In his absence the Fool raves about the delights of the world to him, relative to the difficult journey to Serpents' Hill near which the Basilisk dwells, and the frightning presence of the Leper who lives on Serpents Hill and drinks at the rivulet, whose surely can't be so pure if he drinks from it. Sarafis wishes that he could be in the world to aee it all for himself. At this the wish takes possession

ACT 1-

of him and growing dreamy he sinks to the ground still holding the blue flower he has just discovered in his hand. As the waves of sleep rise within him he tells of being lulled by them. The Fool not knowing what to do tries to wake him but without avail. He becomes very confused — He touches the flower and it begins to wilt. Frightened he calls for the Hermit who has just returned from the river of waking, his hands still moist not with its water. It has been growing dark. He tells the Fool to be gone though The fool ~~is~~ afraid but is forced to go out into the darkness at the Hermit's command. Alone with Sarafis he touches the wilted flower in Sarafis' hand and it is revived. He then implores the elements of Air and Fire to intervene for Sarafis. They can only prevent sleep from widening its scope and becoming permanent, but they are powerless from undoing the wish entirely. Yet Fire will make a ring of flames around i and dry the black waters of sleep encircling him. And Air will fan the flames into a furious blaze.

as they work Now the Leper is heard from Serpent's Hill singing his Prophecy to Sarafis journeying to the world.

The conditions are: Freedom from all uncontrolled actions through knowledge.

Be not deceived by merely contrasting sensations lest one remain conquered by the illusions held in the powers of the river of sleep.

By the purifying fires discern between the multiple powers, those leading to sustained freedom and those that lead the eternal strife within !

Every mood and every desire we live is an expression of devine reality which shows us, by their contrasts the way to the light within us.

So when we have learned by our experiences, we have made another step nearer that infinite reservoir - GOD.

NOTES AND STORY - 7 1st Act

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

There are instances when jolted out of the dormant state he can glimpse the distorted possessive ego that is narrowing his existence. These flashes of clarity are of profound memory from the god-head concealed within him. They are pearls of light, constantly washing away the deceptive darkness, and if realized, they ultimately increase the power of sight, like a luminous compass indicating right action in the right direction. And as he continues on his way within the maze of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the realization of true identity gradually springs to birth in the growing ONENESS of Love calling unceasingly through his unconscious Being, the Source.

NOTES ON
THE STORY OF SARAFIS

The Source, by its Light, speaks to ORFANA, the Creatress, who in turn calls to all her forms, the Children, to rouse them from sleep.

SARAFS, symbolic of MAN, the most advanced and complex experiment of Nature does not answer to the calling of ORFANA. He has lost consciousness of his inward contact with the Creatress, and is blindly erring in the forest of confusion. It is evident that he has lost his way, when exhausted and rain-beaten he arrives at the cave of HAGGLIS, an herb-woman known also as the forest-witch who is none other than ORFANA, NATURE herself in one of her many metarmorphoses. Her disguise and impersonations are necessary

in order that she may reach MAN on his own particular plane without destroying him,and fulfil her aim,the enlightenment of her Children. Through the realization of her living Love, she assists them to recreate within themselves ,and find the way back to her BELOVED, the SOURCE,and when her children err from the path,she is there to indicate the way--through joy or suffering,through death or birth,according to their needs, marked by their growth,which determines the experiences possible for them.

Notes on the identity of the characters. ------

(see page 220) - The LEPER is of the nature of the Juggler or Magician in the Tarot, as card 1 -- He is symbolic of the higher Mind, which man fears, because he cannot realize it within his own limitation and must surpass himself.

(Orfana---------- The High Priestess, card 2 .
)Hagglis

Aestrid-------- the Emotion in Nature, card 17.

) The Hermit----- the seeker of Knowledge, card 9.
(Ellerton

) The Fool------- is the narrow individual (Sorensen), card 0 .
(Sato

) The Basilisk----is the Materialist, the evil in man that would do
(Donne anything for power. it is the card of the devil, 15.
the distorted idea of man's possessive power.

The Four elements of Fire, Water, Air and Earth are the 4 alchemical principles in Nature. (see page 212-213)

Pages - 114, 5,6,7,- - read up on the idea of Superman in connection with Christ and all men, etc.

Read the Symbolisms of the Tarot, pages 207 - 241

NOTES: The Hermit-to Sarafis-"Know you not what teaches the wise man? The fool (in one'sself.
Of course the fool who lives with the Hermit is no other than part of himself.

Sarafis in the church--The figure of Christ playing with the little children:" If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin."

STORY OF SARAFIS-

NOTE:--

No character is portrayed from the physical plane -- it is always from within. The Leper is the higher mind in Man , the Christ, shunned by Man because he does not wish to follow it. The whole story is a portrayal of the development by growth of the spiritual functioning ~~of~~ in Man .--

Sarafis, the Wanderer, is erring in the forest of confusion. Caught in his helplessness and dejection he endeavors to find a way out from his state of perplexity and calls to his own kind to help him, but they-- intent, as he himself is, upon the strife to make permanent their various finite interests-- do not answer him. They, like him are caught in the net of inaction, seeking here and there a solution of their difficulties and finding none. Lacking their help, and not understanding the despondency inflicted upon him, he despairs of ever bettering his own plight and unable to release himself he is about to plunge into the river of sleep--the black river that flows near Hagglis' cave. At the moment when he lunges forward, the spirit of Fire which is one of Nature's alchemical helpers, rises from the ground where he has been lying and strikes at him. Sarafis falls to the ground, but is saved from death in the black river. He cries out at the Fire-sprite, and Orfana appears from a crevice of the cave in the form of the Ace Mother Hagglis. She, knows his deep dejection and touches him with her stick, causing him to He turns to her, surprised, yet eager to talk with her and ask of her his way out of the forest.

Notes

Sarafis caught in his helplessness is moved to dejection,. To find a way out from his state of perplexity he calls to his own kind, but they answer him not, being engrossed pervaded, as he is, in their strife to make permanent their finite interests by the power of inaction. (in God) Not understanding the his suffering in his despondency (it means inaction) inflicted upon him and forsaken by his own kind, he sees his plight as unalterable, and seeking to release himself, he is about to plunge himself into the river of sleep (which is the black river that flows near Hagglis cave) when the spirit of fire one of Nature's alchemical elements strikes him as he lunges forward, forcing him to the ground.. Orfana in the form of Hagglis, knowing his depe[illegible]tion, appears from a crevice of her rock cave. She touches him with her stick and he ~~starts and looks up~~ turns to her. She addresses him, he tells her he got lost, but where how and when he ~~can't recount.~~ fails to recount. Orfana knows that he cannot remember, since every time he turns from her he must needs lose his way and forget, since to know her depends upon his constant realization of her, But to her he must altimately return as herself to her Beloved. All this comes out in her ambiguous speech to him, but veiled,. While she talks Sarafis falls asleep (he dies there spiritually), and as he falls asleep Hagglis is conjuring up from Nature's elements, the forces which work inducive to the growth of Orfana's children, takes place. (It takes place really IN Sarafis) Each element rules its own place extending into all Nature forms-in ~~that~~ its particular realm. (The 4 elements are of the ballet -and the individualistic forms of each plane compose the chorus.) First Hagglis calls the elements- Fire, Air, Water Earth then they in turn call their satellites .fire-flies, Wind! etc. Hagglis speaks to Sarafis, and all the elemental beings pantomine her speech

the ballet in movement and the chorus in words.

He speaks to Sarafis hrough them while he rests on the ground near the cave./ Sarafis has received a little power from Orfana's ~~influence~~ from her voice which he thinks is merely singing by which he feels he will be able to conquer everything in the forest. ~~He has the feeling of being lost~~ (confusion)
He asks Hagglis ~~Orfana~~ how he can escape the inevitable longing that he feels consumes him and she tells him that in order to become the true rul he can only achieve it through the realization of the moment, sustained within which the power of truth is hidden, that can release him from his eternal burden.

***

and comes out to meet the Basalisk.,who tries to kill him.

As they fight both near the 2 rivers. The elementals come and engag in the fight but the Wind turns the Basalisk so that his eyes face the crystal river and looking at his own reflected image he is killed by the ugly glare of his own deadly eyes.

The elementals come and dance about the dead body of the beast

Hagglis returns with her bundles of herbs, and the creatures disperse with her coming. She gives Sarafis the herbs to bring to Gilling and says she will follow. She goes into the caves to get some of her brews.

At Gillings hut Sarafis Gilling and the helper engage in Sarafis' favorite conversation about the world. They are interruptes by Hagglis' appearance come to perform her witchcrafts,in treatig the suffering Gilling. She tells Sarafis to return to the cave.

leaves

Sarafis is reluctantly ~~xxgoxxbutxgoesx~~ and after Hagglis has finished her work with Gilling nd left Sarafis returns,stealing in And He has been hiding outside in the wood and hs come to hear more of his wonderful things that Gilling tells him of the world.

It is evening and

Sarafis ~~wishes, drowsy~~ lies on one of the benches listens and wishes he were in the world. He falls into the dream of the world.

He awakes in the world. In Gilling now Ellerton's mansion.

It is the imaginary masion Gilling told him of,but greatly exaggerated in splendor in Sarafis' dream.

NOTE for 1st ACT--

In the 1st ACT, when Sarafis comes to HAGGLIS he has not come for the first time, but he has forgotten his previous visits, he remembers nothing. (of his past lives)

It is ORFANA as HAGGLIS who reminds him: "You have come to my cave before --" (They are always coming to her, poor humans !) She tells him there is a key out of the prison of the forest (self) and that he must find it. He wants her to tell him where and how to find that key- She says: "You know where it lies." "Yes, I know." (some poetic evasion--I know where the clouds drift-- where fire begins - etc.)

2-- Hagglis-- The Mother- She pleads with Light for her child Sarafis, who is the child of Light too

3 ORPHANA -- A Form of Illusion- it changes from one form to another at any time. Maya- Illusion the sport of the Earth-God. Orphana says: "I am the mirror-I show what ~~is not;~~ what is dreamed to be." --

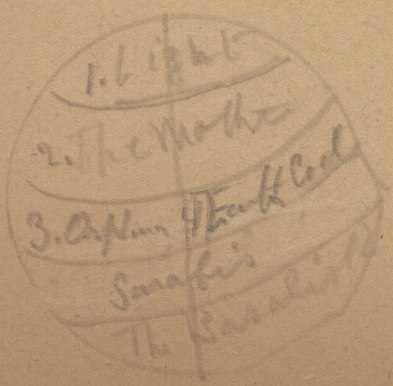
1 ----- THE LIGHT: Forever the same - The Creator who works with, and often through the Mother.

4 -- SARAFES -- an incarnated Nature-Spirit form. (See Note)

Orfana in the form of ambition draws him in the form of Desire too. In a dream (samadhi he has a vision of the world life and desires to enter and win his way in it. Hagglis is against that wish, but he frees himself of her influence and follows Orphana's desire.

5 -- The EARTH-God - A young and very strong magnetic boy, of many moods and caprices who draws ea each by turns into his snare in the mos charming manner. But when caught each cannot get loose of his hands until Light burns the bonds while they sleep and sets them free.--

6-- The Basalisk- The Evil in the earth, rivalry, envy, hate force, etc.etc. He would slay even the Earth-God but for his usefulness to him.



Sarafis---

Short Synopsis of ACT 1 -

Sarafis, erring in the forest of confusion hears Orfana's calling and is driven at length to seek her cave. Here dwells HAGGLIs, an herb-woman, also called the forest-witch. She is ORFANA in one of her many disguises. Sarafis is exhausted and ready to cast himself into the black waters of the River and end his life. But FIRE, the elemental spirit, strikes at him and he falls unconscious. Just then the Basilisk crows and ORFANA bids him begone from her domain. After some vituperative talk he departs. Sarafis comes to, and HAGGLIS speaks with him. In order to relieve his sombre mood she conjures in his own brain the beautiful mystic Battle-Dance of the four Elements, Fire, Water Air and Earth, with their several plane-spirits the salamanders, the Undines the sylphs and the gnomes. All these vanish at Haggli coming and she asks Sarafis to dwell in the cave for a while. As she leads him to the cave the HERMIT'S man, FOOL, appears to summon Hagglis to his master who is ill. Hagglis gives Sarafis a [illegible] and cure him. They go away together and on the road the FOOL shows him the top of SERPENTS HILL where the LEPER dwells with the snakes. There too runs the little rivulet which Sarafis has heard calling him through all his wanderings in the forest. While they rest on the grass the mischievous gnomes resolve to have some fun with the FOOL. They send a honey-gathering insect out of a bush and tell FOOL to break it in half and suck the sweet out. When FOOL captures the insect it stings his hand and for a while it is paralysed. FOOL makes a great ado over that and runs into the forest. Sarafis goes to call the Hermit

And missing his way comes to SERPENTS' HILL instead, where the a serpent glides out at him. The Leper commands it to go away. Sarafis and the Leper go back to find Fool and he is gone. As they stand puzzled Fool rushes back with a weed in his hand which the gnomes have told him to eat of to cure his hand. Its effect has been to make FOOL see the world in a rosy light. He says he must go there and make his fortune. But the Leper tells him the gnomes are only playing a game with him. Suddenly the Fool howls with pain and rushes again into the forest, and the gnomes pelt him with stones as he runs.

The Leper shows Sarafis the way to the Hermit's hut. There too grows the blue flower which the little ribulet longs for. Sarafis wants to find it and plant it on her banks. The Hermit welcomes the wanderer. The Fool returns to the hut and tells of the gnomes. Later Hagglis comes to cure the Hermit of his cough. She tells Sarafis he may return to the cave. the Fool has been relating some alluring tales of the world and Sarafis wants to hear more. He goes, and the Fool returns to the forest to seek the blue flower he knows Sarafis wants. As Sarafis is on the way to

[illegible] he hears the Basilisk crow. The monster speaks with him telling him he has a jewel of great beauty for him sent by the little rivulet. But Sarafis hesitates, in doubt. The rivulet speaks to Sarafis too, and the three-the Basilisk Sarafis and the rivulet converse as he walks on into the territory of the monster. There, at the Crocodile pool he meets the Basilisk face to face. In the ensuing struggle the Wind fights for Sarafis and twists around the mosnter so that he is forced to encounter his own angry gaze in the pool, and its own deadly glance kills it.

Sarafis-
Act 1-

Sarafis sings his song of thanks to the Air spirits and goes to the Hermit's hut to tell his adventure. He finds the blue flower in a thicket near the hut, and resolves to return to Serpents Hill and plant it on the banks of the rivulet. The Hermit, wishing to give him his benediction before the pilgrimage, goes to bathe his hands in the River of waking. Meanwhile the FOOL raves of the delights of the world and Sarafis is filled with a desire to see the world for himself. He grows dreamy and sinks to the ground, still holding the flower. The Fool tries to revive him in vain. The Hermit coming back sends the FOOL out. Alone with Sarafis he implores the elements of Air and Fire to intervene for Sarafis. Fire makes a band of flame around him and Air fans the flames to a blaze. As they work the Leper is heard from Serpents' Hill singing his prophesy to Sarafis journeying into the world.

SYNOPSIS.

Sarafis-

Act 1-

A C T 1-

Sarafis, erring in the forest, is startled at the weird shadows cast by the trees bushes and undergrowth that extend crooked branches to bar his passing. The sun is hidden by the tall forest growth, all things seem hostile to him, a withered branch crashing behind him drives him ever forward without direction; exhausted he leans against the trunk of a tree, a sorry specimen of Man caught in the forest of confusion.

At this moment he hears Orfana's calling.

"Sarafis-- Sarafis --"

Too exhausted to move his eyes turn -- he wonders. No recognition in his glance, but at least he has heard. The forest is not so lonesome now. Someone is there -- calling him. His fear of a moment ago, now superseded by a confidence unknown before, subsides, and taking courage he ventures forth from his shelter under the Tamarind tree in search of what called. It calls again pasionately, insistently: "Sarafis- Sarafis --" he turns towards the voice, then stops. Another voice is calling too, less loud, but just as persistently; it calls from an opposite direction. Which voice shall he answer ? He must choose where to go. Of an uncertain mind, he answers first the one then the other. A few steps this way, a few steps that way, then a stand-still, a swaying, then suddenly he runs like a whirling leaf in the direction he must.

The passionate voice ceases to call. The softer voice becomes only a rising and falling cadence on the wind, with no

Act 1-

words in it and yet one word uttered at intervals, distinct as the rustling of the reeds. The word "Sarafis" is the burden of that song in the far distance. "Sarafis," growls also the thunder. "Sarafis" whispers the wind.

He strives in his state of perplexity, calling aloud for help, plodding on, fighting his way through swamp and clearing that pass before his running feet like a panorama . Great clumps of purple rhododendra and scarlet hybiscus gleam and pass before his eyes, silhouettes of palms ; rocky fissures of deep amethyst, banks of green, muddy rivers that turn yellow in the darkening forest, vaporous reads, ferny ravines, blue hollows.

At length he finds himself, spent and weather-beaten, at the cave where dwells the forest-witch Hagglis, an herb-woman. Uncknown to him she is ORFANA in one of her many disguises. In her cave she awaits his coming, but as yet he does not see her.

He sees only the two rivers, the black and the white. In his misery he finds nothing better for himself than to plunge into the black river of sleep and so forget everything. He lunges towards it, but just at that moment the Elemental spirit FIRE leaps down into a mound of dry leaves on the bank and sets it immediately afire. Then with his flaming fingers he strikes at Sarafis who staggers backward and falls unconscious.

Hagglis appears at a crevice in the rock-cave, a tall, witch-like creature with eternal youth in her eyes. As she appears a hoarse crow is heard in the distance. Hagglis calls: "Away, Basilisk." The monster roars back, "I would rather see him

dead than in your hands." She bids him remember who he is, a creature hatched by a serpent from the egg of a rooster. The creature goes away roaring.

When Sarafis revives she speaks with him. He would fall from weariness, but that she points her stick straightly at him, holding him up as by magic. Then she conjures visions in his brain to chase his dejected mood, he sees a mystic battle-dance of the Elements Fire, Water, Air, Earth, with their followers the plane-spirits, salamanders, undines, sylphs, and gnomes. In the dance the Elements oppose each other, each turned in the direction of one of the four cardinal points. Hagglis retires to her cave. When she returns and he calls her attention to the dance, the dancers have all vanished. Hagglis tells him the whole vision was within himself. She invites him to dwell for a while at the cave and rest.

She is leading him to the cave when the FOOL comes along. He has been sent by his master the Hermit to call Hagglis to him, as he is ill. She gives Sarafis a bag of herbs and bids him go to the Hermit's hut with the Fool.

At a turn of the road Sarafis and the FOOL sit on the ground to rest. The gnomes peep out and resolve to have some fun. The FOOL tells Sarafis of SERPENTS' Hill whose arid rock they can just see from where they are. There lives the LEPER whose flesh drops off like rags while he walks. Below the hill is the little rivulet where the Leper drinks, a clear little rivulet which quenches all thirsts, even the Lepers and the

Sarafis-

Act 1-

serpents' who bring food for the Leper. The Fool speaks of a blue flower that will lead to the rivulet if one can find it. In the midst of their talk they hear a buzzing. One of the mischievous gnomes has sent a honey-gathering insect toward them. The gnome tells the FOOL that the insect is full of honey."Break him in half and suck the sweet out," he says. When the FOOL captures the insect it stings his hand so that for a time it is paralysed. The FOOL makes a great ado,and Sarafis,unable to help him runs to call the Hermit,but missing his way finds himself on the road to Serpents' Hill instead. A viper glides out at him. Before he can do him harm,the LEPER calls to the snake from the top of SERPENTS' HILL,bidding him depart. As Sarafis looks up he sees the Leper leap from the top of the rocky hill and float down to the place where he is standing. Amazed he asks:"Who are you whom vipers obey and the Air carries like a chariot ? "The Leper answers: "A witness of Man's freedom." Remembering the FOOL, Sarafis asks the Leper to come and cure his hand. When they return they find the FOOL gone. As they stand puzzled,the FOOL runs back with a weed in his hand He is joyful and his hand is better. Sarafis asks why he is so joyful. He says:"The gnomes gave me this weed and when I ate of it the pain in my hand stopped,and the whole world was beautiful. I will go there and make my fortune". The Leper warns him that it is only the effect of the weed and that the gnomes are playing a game with him. Soon however

SARAFIS-

Act 1-

he is filled with a great pain of emptiness and howling with pain runs into the forest.

The Leper shows Sarafis the way to the Hermit's hut. When Sarafis knocks at the door of the hut, the Hermit calls from within:" The door swings only to him who lifts the latch." Sarafis lifts the latch and enters. He converses with the Hermit, and the Fool coming in begins to talk of the gnomes and the weed and the world. Later Hagglis comes, and tells Sarafis he may return to the cave. But Sarafis has been listening to the FOOLS alluring tales of the world and he is loth to go. He tells the Fool to come with him and tell him more. When they have gone away Hagglis talks with the Hermit and cooks the brew that will cure his ailment. Through the steam of the brew, while she is yet talking.and has administered a tin cup of it to the Hermit, he looks at Hagglis and sees her aspect change. She looks smaller, younger, more shapely. Her garments, transformed, become soft, transparent,. Suddenly she lifts one foot than the other, and to elfin music begins to dance. He does not know whether it is his fancy, or the effect of the magic brew she has given him to drink and which he is sipping. When he asks her what she has done to him she answers:" I have made you see . He is puzzled but not alarmed. In fancy he hears orchestral sounds accompanying her dance, drumming of frogs, the whistle of crickets. He is certain something is dancing alongside of her but-perhaps it is only the shadow of the swaying bushes outside the hut. He passes a hand over his eyes and looking again

sees Hagglis just as she was before, tall and witch-like, smiling uncannily as she stirs the brew. But his pain is all gone.

Outside the hut the FOOL has been longing again for the weed that made him see the whole world in such a bright light. In vain Sarafis reminds him of what the Leper said. The Fool goes into the forest to find the gnomes."Who knows," he says, I may even find the blue flower that you wish to plant at the banks of the rivulet. Sarafis, alone, hears the little rivulet calling him. He wanders in its direction as in a dream. He hears the Basilisk crow. He calls:"Who crows when dawn is passed ?" The monster replies:"One who will take the mask from life and give you the key that opens the portals of Life, world." Sarafis goes further on the road to Serpents Hill. The rivulet warns him as he comes near. She sings in riddles-- of the blue flower that leads and guides and keeps the wanderer secure on every road, of the ever calling one." He asks "Who is that one?" She says,"The same that calls to you in me." Then the Basilisk again intrigues him. He says he has a jewel of great beauty for Sarafis, which the little rivulet is sending Sarafis by him. The shadows of the great trees fall before him as if to warn him back. The three speak in turn, Sarafis, the Rivulet, and the Basilisk, as he walks on into the territory of the monster, drawn by his longing to know both the Rivulet and to see the King of the forest who holds the key to life. As he walks on the Fool rushes in and out of breath holding an [illegible] of forest flowers. He tells Sarafis that

Sarafis-

Act 1-

"surely among so many there must be the right one."
The Basilisk gives a harsh crow of laughter and the Fool turns and runs as if the devil were after him. The monster persudes Sarafis to come to the Crocodile pool where he and his reptiles live. He promises to tell him the hiding place of the blue flower. Sarafis goes to the pool and on his way the Air spirits warn him away: Does he not know that the blue flower cannot grow near the stagnant water of the Crocodile pool? Sarafis is about to heed their warning when the Basilisk bars his way, and caught in the snare Sarafis is forced to fight. The ungainly, liver-colored shape squats before him. Its head is that of a rooster, under its beak dangle wattles the color of rotten scraps of meat. Its round eyes are rimmed with yellow. Its whiplike tail lashes the ground. At the sound of Sarafis startled exclamation it stretches its wattled throat, raises its bloated body on limp rubbery feet and gives a strangled squawk. The snakes come from the pool and the bush, hissing.
The Air spirits warn Sarafis: "Hide your eyes, for if you look into them you must die." A sulphurous haze begins to pour from the Basilisk's eyes. There comes a great buzzing, the plane spirits all utter advice to Sarafis in language of their own. The Wind rushes in, slashing right and left among the serpents and fighting for Sarafis drives the monster steadily towards the edge of the pool. Sarafis has but a branch to fight with, he backs before the beast, the Wind is behind him and before, pushing him on when he would give up, guarding him

But always he pushes the Basilisk nearer the pool . On the margin the creature halts and rears suddenly with the raucous cry:" Cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r- Sarafis !" Its sulphurous dribble seers the grass like flame. Its beak splits a rock that stands in its way. One last abortive crow and the Wind twists it around to face the pool. All things are swaying except that placid water which the wind has forborne to ruffle. In its brown steely mirror the Basilisk looks for the first time upon its angry eyes exuding hate and flame. Rolling its loathsome rump from side to side it roars and falls,its damp claws turned upward. Over the pool lies a sulphurous haze. As Sarafis stands staring,the Wind tousles his hair.Then the r rivulet sings.He awakens from hia dream of horror and sees the elemental spirits dancing around the fallen monster. What is the rivulet singing ? "The flower hides in a thicket- the blue shadow sways in the wind-- the moonlight burnishes its azure glow --" She sings of it,she dreams of it-- he will plant it on her banks and its roots shall forever drink her living waters. With a song of thanks to the Air-spirits and to the Wind who has saved him,he rushes away to the Hermit's hut. But near the entrance he pauses. A pale blue shadow sways on the ground. He bends to look. The shadow of a bud. Eagerly he parts the leaves near by and finds the blue flower. He picks it tenderly and lifts the latch of the Hermit's door. Joyfully he tells of the Basilisk's death and of finding the flower. He will go now and plant it at the rivulet's banks and fulfil her dream.

Sarafis-

Act 1-

The Hermit, wishing to give Sarafis his benediction of strength on his pilgrimage to Serpents Hill, goes to bathe his hands in the river of waking. In his absense the FOOL raves about the delights of the world. He tells Sarafis he better go there than to that barren Serpents hill. Again he flings doubt upon the rivulet's sincerity. She gives her waters alike to all. Sarafis wishes he could be in the world and see it all for himself As the wish takes possession of him he grows dreamy and sinks to the ground still holdingthe blue flower and as the waves of sleep rise in him he tells of being lulled by them. The Fool not knowing what to do to awake him tries in every way. He touches the blue flower and it wilts. Frightened he calls for the Hermit who has just returned from the River of Waking his hands still wet with its water.

It is growing dark. The Hermit bids the FOOL begone. Alone with Sarafis he touches the wilted flower and it revives. He then implores the elements of Air and Fire to intervene for Sarafis. They can only prevent sleep from widening its scope and becoming permanent, they are powerless to undo the wish entirely. Yet Fire makes a band around it and dries the black waters of sleep and Air fans the flames into a furious blaze. As they work the LEPER is heard from Serpents Hill singing his Prophesy to SARAFIS journeying into the world.

E N D of A C T 1 -

PROLOGUE

Sarafis

Prologue.

Orfana

(roused by the shining of light which makes a play of color around her, she moves and half rises).

Near art Thou,
Near in the being of Thy word.
Oh let me rest,
Bright is Thy Goal,
And Love the path
Spaning the ~~turbid~~ waves of strife,
Across ~~dim~~ isles of birth and death,
Through drift and changeful blossoming
While flare the pilgrim fires
~~Of~~ Thy waking breath.
Oh, let me rest,
Brief is the Melody
That roams the haunted miles
Of mortal destiny, -
Growth, bloom and fruitage all,
In the great cycles of Thy reaping fall!

(with growing awareness, Orfana stretches her arms towards the intensely lighted space about her and gradually rises to her full hight).

Sarafis

Prologue.

Orfana

Oh, well Beloved!
Cull from my every part
What must unite with Thee;
In storm or mild caress
~~Reigns~~ Gathers ~~but~~ Thy whirling Law
Of streaming everness.

I know Thy Will to be;
Deep in earth's valleyed garden I await
Thy surging whisper,
Felt and heard
As is the breeze that leaves Thy silent gate,
With joy imbrued beyond the climb of thought,
Engirt with Gold of Thy Fulfillment wrought
In beauty, ever-present unto me.

Hear! The forest voices!

My children in the seasons charge
Hold clear so little while
The dream of life;
To herd the shadows out
The glory in,
Shepherding the blundering wings
That flutter past the Goal,
When laughter freaks
With moods of tenderness
The mountain rill,
The honey-pungent flower
~~Where lies a touch of my own thirst unslaked,~~
Asleep still, waiting,
~~Knowing not for what.~~ - -

(where lingers my own thirst unslaked) 2.

+ the no mingling of peril
Breaks the loneliness of sight,

Sarafis

Prologue.

Orfana (looks about her, ~~making a tender gesture~~ with compassion).

Beloved, here
Are Thy worm and Thy vine
Creeping and climbing their lives away,
"How", they say,
"In the evil day,
(stay)
Shall we stand blind?
Where's our refuge
From beak and wind?"
Frightened creatures
Make no high moan,
The road is short,
Have you not heard,
Have you not known?
In the chiming of each note
His breath is blown. (sown)?

(cups her hands and calls)

Aieee! Ho! Earth!
Aieee! Ho! Waters!
Aieee! Ho! Air!
Aieee! Ho! Fire!

Sarafis

Prologue.

Orfana (continued)

Ho - - !
I call to the elements of Life
To sun, Earth, Air and Sea,
The small ones come with a hum and strife,
You gnat, you wasp, you bee!
The great come silently, - - aieee!

Ho! - -
I am the arrow, the lustrous bow
Flaring from Life's full Treasury,
Deep in the urge of ebb and flow
By the Great Eye's shining I see,
To the same Great Love's degree, - - aieee!

(tenderly addressing the Beloved).

All forms are Thine
O formless One,
Now I have called,
And everyone my voice enthralled,
Reviving light, the calling is Thy own,
Yet, there is one
Who to my song is dumb.
Why tarries he
My playmate whom I love?

(infinitely tender)

Sarafis - - - -
Why lingerest thou?
Come Sarafis, drink at my breast
Brown with the elements caress
Firm, with the mastic virilness
That dreams to the predestined goal.

Prologue.

The dim of sorrow

Orfana

~~(Listens. Sarafis does not answer.)~~

Speechless ! Voiceless !

~~He answers not.~~

Oh Source, ~~my Light~~ Beloved!

Shatter the blindness

That glooms his being.

Dumb are his the melodies

That should be ringing

At Thy immortal sight

Throughout the forest

In resplendent singing,

Lagging his the pace that

Should excel in running

Beyond the darker space,

Lame arms, that outstretched

Would the stars embrace.

Oh, vagrant longing

Toward perfection bound,

While yet, though the dim heart the crowded heart

By careless feet

~~Is~~ Lies trodden in the ground.

Sarafis-----

Prologue ---(continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA (to the dead deer)

Still
~~Dear~~ Friend, your footsteps
Even now resounding
In playful measure,
Track fresh ways of green,
While he who robbed you
Of your simple joyance,
That wreathed your eyes with gold,
Treads the earth's brightness
Unaware of Light.
Ah, take your flight
Only the form is cold.

~~Once when I called~~
~~You came with gaze of wonder,~~
~~Seeking~~
~~Shining through leaves~~ ~~Lyted~~
~~That wreathed your brow with gold,~~
~~Love bathed your eyes~~
~~In lucid friendly greeting---~~
~~Ah---take your flight~~,
~~Only the form is cold!~~

(She remains motionless) Forest voices
(She bows her head. ~~Chorus off stage~~
calls to her softly: "Orfana ! Orfana !"

~~She shakes off her sadness and~~
stretches her arms)

(Infinitely tender)
Sarafis -----

~~Sarafis ----~~
Why linger you ?
Come, Sarafis, drink at my breast
Brown with the elements' caress.

Sarafis---

Prologue--Sc. 1--

ORFANA (Calls to Sarafis)

Firm, with the mastic virileness
That dreams to the predestined goal,
Come--- Come !
Best of Nature's seed,
Through floods transcending time and space,
Pouring their beauty on the dying face,
Let us together, beyond, to space
That knows no ugliness.

(She pauses and listens. No answer comes.)

Sarafis --- Sarafis --
Now dusky night
Pries the wood-flowers' eyelids awake,
From the day's prisoning embrace,
Sleep, like the swan, lies feather-pale
Upon the sapphire of the lake;
Come--- Come !
Out from the farthest star
Through distant aisles that once you knew,
Reach down light-fingers all a-drip with dew,
Lift up your spirit, and create anew
Primordial blessedness.

Sarafis--
Prologue--

ORFANA (Listens again. No answer comes.
Her emotion rises)

~~Speechless ! Dumb ! He answers not !~~

~~(LIGHT decreases and becomes dim
Through the leaves a blue moonlight
takes its place.)~~

The world-light rises
Above the wood,
The dark makes answer ;—
Where once it stood,
The pale light quivers,
The rivers' fire
~~Lifts~~ to the moon
That draws them higher.

Sarafis ! ~~You~~ Oh, Sarafis —
He
You answer not,
The breath of being
~~By you~~ in him forgot
Flows, ~~and~~ but is ~~wasted~~ scattered,
A languid stream
Mingled with blood
In a wand'rer's dream.

~~(Her anger rises)~~

Sarafis--

Prologue--

~~Beloved, hear me!~~
~~Before your shrine~~
~~A child casts blindly~~
~~Your hope -- and mine!~~
~~(Agitatedly)~~

Sarafis ----- Sarafis ----
~~Answer me!~~

(Silence. She paces, growing more emotional and angry) Pleading desperately with Sarafis she depicts Creation

The nebula rays out, a fugitive,
Lifting its need for sactuary.
Sore on its heart bubbled the boiling pools
The frightning thunder, as of starry hooves
Trampling the margins of those banks
That forward shift and backward shift
And cleave the evening light around the undulate foams
With sprayings mountain-high of sand and stone.
~~But you, Sarafis, Answer not!~~

Natured with prescient hope, the buried seed
Endures the progress to its finite goal,
Shaken by sun-quakes, rivn by moony flame,
Bears the tense breaking
the icy cold
Beyond the orbit of the mother-sun.

Appears in space a time-illumined world

Sarafis--

Prologue--Sc 1--

ORFANA

Streaming along the invisible acqueducts
Of the inherent WILL that drives it on,
It lifts and stretches towards the hidden ~~life~~ flame.
~~Wherefore ? Where to ? It asks not why,~~
A thing Love knows for it on its welt'ring way.
It answers, but Sarafis still is dumb.

Shrinking, but fluid still, the hammer of heat
Divides and shapes the star, and where the flame is hurled
Appears ~~in Time~~ again a moon-illumined world.
~~But You ! Sarafis ! Speechless dream -----~~ the

First beam on the ~~World~~ unfurled
A small raying glimmer
Here flick'ring, there flick'ring
A jewel-caught fire,
Disclosing a gulch,
Indicating a valley,
Revealing a plain
And a mountain up higher.
Come clouds, come the dews
Come sunlight and starlight,
Come mornings with sunrise
Comes beauty untold,
The rain and the snow

Sarafis

Prologue.

Orfana (addressing her Beloved, the Source)

Hear! The Forest Voices!

Call not me!

Call to the darkness of my forms,

Lead them through tears and laughter to my heart;

Call not me!

Make ~~your~~ thy sweet utterance in the unconscious sleep,

Lift high the stony blackness from the soil,

Wash the thick slumber from the burdened Deep.

Oh ~~my~~ well- Beloved!

Cull from my every part

What must unite with ~~You~~ thee;

In ~~curse~~ storm or mild caress,

~~Utter your whirling~~ Echoes They jewelled Law

Of streaming everness,

I know ~~your~~ Thy Will to be;

Here, in ~~your~~ the valley garden I await

~~The~~ Thy haunting whisper,

Felt and heard

~~As is~~ the breeze that ~~leaves your~~ Thy silent gate;

A messenger, ~~beyond the climb of thought~~

~~Pouring fromout the~~ Thy uncreated height

~~That sings~~, - whence Love forever ~~in~~ me.

Sarafis

Prologue.

Source
~~Orfana~~ (with increasing fervor)

Through ~~me~~ thee to growth,
~~From~~ As seed to bright of flower,
When ~~fruit~~ the bloom of life (love
Toward the All Goal;
(~~Thou~~ Thine) ~~Yours~~ is the Essence,
~~Mine~~ The pursuing hour,
The templed prism
Through which shines
The wedded Soul.
(~~with increasing fervor~~)
Oh, ~~Great~~ ~~Orfana~~ brimful Ark Unknowable, my Source,- Beloved!
Lift your torch in me!

The Forest Voices

Orfana - - - Orfana - - -

Orfana

White milk from ~~my~~ the breasts, I of the Mother of cosmos,
Black light out of Love
That the children might Be.

(the two rivers in the distance shine lustrously).

Still friend, thy footsteps
Green mine resounding
In playful measure
The Source

Track fresh arrays of green,
while one avia robbed you
of your simple joy and ease
that once the Water eyes unfold
Towards the earth's brightness
Unaware of light!
Ah, take your flight
Only the form is cold,

On water broods spirit
Unsullied, unconscious,
In secret unveiling
Shall black become white,
Through eddying silence
The Source, the Beloved,
Speaks tenderly, sounding
The call to unite!

Sarafis---

Prologue---- (continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA LIGHT moves to a clump of bush
Orfana follows it,
(parts the bushes and
looks down at the serpents)

~~In leafy~~
~~In dewy shades~~
~~Deep~~ Slumberous hush
~~By leaflets~~ kissed,
In friendly sleep
~~Turned for your~~
~~Concealed you~~ sleep,
~~By cliff, or cave~~
~~All fear dismissed;~~
~~In~~ under brush
~~By~~ sunny steep
By bush and forest-pool,

Soft curling
They slumber
~~You listen~~ to it's

Lazy purling,

And dream of ~~birds~~ wings,
All creeping things;
~~And~~ dream of ~~toad~~,
Painting ~~their~~ moods,
~~You listen~~, whisp'ring

Handsome brood !

(Cups her hands and gives her
~~shrill~~ forest-cry)

Aieee ! Ho ! Serpents !

(The underbrush rustles, ~~the snakes are seen scurrying past~~, leaving the large leaves shaking.)

ORFANA
(Looks up at the trees)

Aieee ! Ho, Songsters !

~~The birds are heard~~
~~(With a great twittering, the birds fly out and away.)~~
~~The leaves of the trees shake.~~

ORFANA

Aieee ! Ho ! Waters !

Sarafis---

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

~~(The ripple of waters is heard.)~~

ORFANA ~~(calls)~~

(~~As~~ she steps through the thicket ~~rounding up~~ the ~~forest~~ Children)

This is a Pagan song ~~and is~~ sung with free gesturing)

(Whenever she calls "Ho !" she cups her hands to her mouth, making a prolonged call.)

Ho--- ------!

I call to the life

~~That quivers~~ on ground or tree;

The small ones come with a hum and strife,

You gnat, you wasp, you bee !

The Great come silently ----- Aieeee -------!

Ho---------!

I am the Mother through whom all ~~flow~~,

~~Your guide, your provider and friend,~~

~~I am in the urge of ebb and flow~~

~~I am always beside the deep Source, you know,~~

~~that draws each one to the boundless end~~

~~I draw through love to the destined end,~~

~~Of the Great Unknowable's will,~~

To the same great Love's decree, Aieeee---------!

Ho---------!

Come at my call, ~~we~~ creatures all,

Lion and Cat, frog, mole and bat,

From me your body, from Him your soul,

~~Ye~~ that move high or ye that move flat,

Sarafis--

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA) I draw you to Love whatsoever shall be,
So answer my call Aiceeee --------! Ho!

(The Light rests on Orfana's head while she calls, Then now shifts over to the tall grass cover in the thicket. Orfana walks there and parting the bush picks up a long grass blade tendril of a growing vine, one on which an earth-worm rests. The LIGHT shines on the worm and the blade vine.)

ORFANA (Addressing the Source)

Beloved, here
Are your worm and your vine.
They are winding and creeping climbing their lives away,
"How" - they say,
"Shall we stand in the evil day, blind?
Where's our refuge from beak and from wind?"

(Bends over worm and blade vine compassionately pityingly)

Frightened Children creatures,
Make no long high moan,
Your road is short --
Have you not heard,
Have you not known?
LIGHT is for all -- the dream, your own

(In the flowering sounding twice each note)
His breath is blown.

(She places the blade vine gently on the bath ground*

Live your dream -- grow! Blossom on every hand
Choose what you will, your rose or your blue,
But see in the LIGHT that shines on you for

(Places the worm gently on the vine back in the bush)

Sarafis----

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

(as she replaces grass blade and worm, into the hole from which she took them.)

Orfana ~~(to the worm)~~

Plough, you ! Furrow the whole wide ~~land~~ Earth.
That is the dream ~~for you~~ your right of birth.

(A bird ~~alights~~ perches on a near-by branch — ~~and twitters.~~)

~~looks up~~ To the bird.

(Orfana ~~shakes~~ a ~~finger at him~~)

Not now, little greedy one,
Let him alone till his dream is won.

(to Orfana)

The Source (The light hovers around her. ~~restlessly~~)

All forms are thine.
Oh Formless One,
Now I have called
And everyone ~~has answered~~, thy voice enthralled,
Reviving Light, the calling ~~was thine~~ is thy own.
Yet-- there is one
Who to ~~my~~ my song ~~voice~~ is ~~silent~~, dumb
~~Where~~ why ~~lingers~~ tarries he,
~~My~~ my playmate, whom I love ?

for page 11 - before she calls "Sarafis, Sarafis".

(The Light glides to a ~~distant~~ covert.
Orfana walks there, parts the bush and discloses a dead deer, ~~with a wound in his breast~~. She kneels silently, touches her fingers ~~in the~~ to the blood ~~and stands hand raised letting the blood drip from~~ her fingers gleam in the Light.)

(calm and undisturbed, ~~to~~ to the dead deer)

Sarafis---

Prologue-- Sc. 1

ORFANA

The green and the moonlight
As Earth its long ages
And aeons unrolled .
Then, evil adventure,
With madness the waters,
Rise over the verdure
Of Hill and of plain,
The hope of the Source,
And the dream of a creature,
Had birth and had death
In the cycles' long chain.

Empty and wide spreads the ice on the moorland,
Turbid at night shines the eye of the moon,
Boundless the World save for tick of the ice-floes
Marking the passage from ~~midnight~~ noon to noon.

Snake-~~like~~ green amphibians crawl out of the dim wet,
Listen with cold-benumbed, need-sharpened ears
To crack and drip, where, from receding waters
Laden with sea-wrack, the first tree appears.
Brief is their day
And the time of their forming,
When birth is a spawning
And death is a sleep,

Prologue- Sc. 1-

ORFANA

Strange, waiting world,
Intermediate, embryo,
Deaf to the spirit
That sleeps in its deep.

An instinct, a cadence, a feeding, a drinking,
A seed in the pollen, a clod in the rain,
A quick'ning, a warmth, day and night, a Will-- darkness,
At the end of a spray is a blossom again !

Now is the wood with its quiver of shadows,
Its wavering sounds of the leaves and the bush,
Souls in the green who dance out in the moonlight,
Silver and blue in the coolness and hush.
They sweep with the wind on the breath of the petals
That lightly enclose them, and all unaware,
One smells of the orchid, another of jasmine,
And one wears maran in her fresh tangled hair.

They burnish the palms with soft laughter of silver,
They coax up the seedlings with smiling and love,
They take of the sunsets for ruby and purple
And color the wings of the Toucan and dove.
The gloom of the fern flies alight with their coming
The rivulets lapping their mossy banks, croon,
The giant-frogs boom and the beetles' are drumming
The music of elf-land all under the moon.

Sarafis---

Prologue - Sc. 1-

ORFANA

(Angry) (calls to the ELEMENTS)
Sarafis ! (Fire answers in a glow)
Blister, blister in the Fire .,
Curl away the crusted surface ,
Dip and rise within the spectrum
By
Of alchemical reflections
Of the mighty Purifier.
Burn the blackness of Desire,
With DESIRE !

(The clouds draw over the moon. It grows darker and darker as she sings)
A fiery glow pervades the scene as of flame.
SARAFIS !
A whisp of fog between your soul and truth
Leaves you a suckling on the breast of Night,
Until your eyes reach the unfathomed LIGHT
And from your vagrant fancies you awake,
Come, brave the branding fires for LIGHT'S sake !
And all his glowing flame is yours to take!
Sarafis, come ! Sarafis, answer me !

(In an outburst of anger she stamps her foot upon the ground and it begins to blow as (She calls to the AIR)
Rush through the forest,
Break the branch and find him,
Wind now be pitiless
Throughout the space,
Tear him and toss him,
Turn him to the pathway
Whereon his bleeding feet
Must still win the race!

Sarafis--

Prologue--Sc. 1-

ORFANA

(~~Emotional and angry calls WATER.~~ It begins to rain, growing more ~~and more vehement~~ intense while she sings).

Rain, drench his spirit,
Till his head be bowing,
Until the floods of wrath
Seep through his brain,
Drown him and torture
Till his erring footsteps
Weary of wand'ring,
Seek my face again.

(The rain pours down in a torrent, enveloping her in a gray fog, which gradually hides her while she is still singing. It begins to thunder in the distance, faintly.)

Thunder, entrap him,
Shake him into wonder,
And, with your ringing distant call
His spirit crave,
Across the darkness
Lead him, storm and thunder,
Till in his self-despair
He finds my cave !

(The rain steadily pours down and obliterates the SCENE ~~B~~ The wind is heard like the sound of horns calling.)

The wind howls around the wood with the sound of horns.)

E N D OF

P R O L O G U E

Sarafis-

ACT 1-

He at length finds himself, spent and weather-beaten at the cave where dwells the forest-witch HAGGLIS, an herb-woman. Unknown to him she is only ORFANA in one of her many disguises. In her cave she awaits his coming, but he does not see her yet.

His eyes behold the two rivers, the black and the white. In his weariness and misery he finds nothing better for himself in this desolate place than to plunge into the black river of sleep and so forget everything. He lunges towards it, but just at that moment FIRE, the elemental spirit leaps down into a mound od dry leaves on the bank, setting it immediately afire. Then with his flaming fingers he strikes at Sarafis who staggers backward and falls unconscious.

Hagglis appears at a crevice in the rock-cave, a tall, witch-like creature with eternal youth in her eyes. As she appears a hoarse crow is heard in the distance. Hagglis calls: "Away, Basilis and the monster roars back, "I would rather see him dead than in your hands."

Hagglis talks with the Basilisk, bidding him remember that he was hatched by a snake from a rooster's egg. At the end of their talk Sarafis comes to and she tells him his name and speaks with him as a Prophetess. He rises, but would fall again did not her outstretched stick, straightly pointed at him holds him up as if by magic. Then she conjures visions in his brain to chase his sombre dejected mood. He sees the mystic battle-dance of the four Elements, Fire, Water, Air, Earth with their followers the plane-spirits, the salamanders, the undines, the sylphs and the gnomes. In the dance each Element opposes the other, each facing in ti